FACULTY & *friends*

Jolaine Kerley, soprano
Janet Scott-Hoyt, piano

Friday, September 24, 2004 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Abendempfindung an Laura, KV 523 (1787)
An Chloe, KV 524 (1787)
Oiseaux, si tous les ans, KV 307 (1777)
Dans un bois solitaire, KV 308 (1777)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Four Ariette (1811)
- Dimmi, ben mio
- T'intendo, sì
- L'amante impaziente I
- L'amante impaziente II

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Zitronenfalten im April (1888)
Die Spröde (1889)
Die Bekehrte (1889)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Intermission

Moore's Irish Melodies (1960)
- Avenging and bright
- Sail on, sail on
- How sweet the answer
- The Minstrel Boy
- At the mid hour of night
- Rich and Rare
- Dear Harp of my Country!
- Oft in the stilly night
- The Last Rose of Summer

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

90.9 CBC radio Two

CBC Radio Two is pleased to share tonight's performance with the rest of Alberta through broadcasts on the program "Our Music" with host Catherine McClelland. You can listen to "Our Music" Sundays at 12:06 PM on CBC Radio Two, 90.9 FM in Edmonton.

Translations

Abendempfindung an Laura/ Evening reflections

It is evening, the sun has disappeared,
and the moon shines, silver;
so fleet away life's fairest hours,
they fly past as in a dance.

Soon life's motley scene is over,
and the curtain falls.
Our play is ended! Our friend's tears
flow already on our grave.

Soon, perhaps, is borne towards me,
like the gentle west wind, a still
foreboding –
I will end this life's pilgrimage,
and fly to the land of rest.

If you will weep then by my grave,
and mourn my ashes,
then, o friends, I will appear to you,
bringing a breath of heaven.

Shed for me a tear, you also,
and pluck for me a violet from my grave;
and let your tender eye
look gently down on me.

Dedicate a tear to me, and oh!
do not be ashamed to do so.
In my diadem it will become
the fairest pearl.

(Unknown)

An Chloe/ To Chloe

When love looks out
of your clear, blue open eyes,
and the joy of gazing into them
makes my heart dance, and glow;

and I hold you, and kiss
your warm, rose-red cheek,
dear maid, and fold you,
trembling, in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and press you
close to my breast
where until my last dying moment
I would gladly hold you;

An Chloe/ To Chloe (cont'd)

then my enraptured gaze is o'ershaded
by a dark cloud;
and I sit faint but happy beside you.

(Johann Georg Jacobi)

Oiseaux, si tous les ans/Birds, if every year

Birds, if every year
you leave this clime
as soon as drear winter
strips the groves,
it is not only
for a change of foliage,
or to avoid our frosts.

But your destiny
permits you to love
only when the flowers bloom;
and when that season is over
you seek it elsewhere,
that you may love the whole year round.

(Antoine Ferrand)

Dans un bois solitaire/In a Dark and Lonely Wood

In a dark and lonely wood
I was walking the other day:
a boy child was sleeping in the shade,
it was cruel Amor.

Approaching, I was charmed by his beauty,
but I should not have been so trustful.
In his face I saw the features of a thankless love
that I had sworn to forget.

He had her crimson lips,
a skin as fair as hers.
A sigh escaped me, he awoke:
it takes so little to awaken Love.

Straightway spreading his wings,
and seizing his avenging bow,
with one of his cruel darts
he wounded me to the heart.

Go, go, he said, at Sylvia's feet
again to languish and to burn:
you will love her all your life
for having dared to wake me.

(Antoine Houdart de la Motte)

Dimmi, ben mio, che m'ami/Hope
Tell me, my darling, that you love me,
tell me that you are mine,
and I shall not envy the gods
their divinity!

With one single glance,
darling, with a smile
you open a paradise
of happiness for me!

(Unknown)

T'intendo, sì, mio cor/A Lament
Yes, my heart,
I feel you beating so!
I know that you mean to complain,
that you are in love.

Ah, silence your grief,
endure your suffering.
Silence it, and do not betray
my feelings!

(Metastasio)

L'amante impaziente I/The Impatient Lover
What is my love doing?
Why does he not come?
Does he wish to see me
languish like this?

Oh, how slowly
the sun takes its course!
Each moment
seems like a day to me!

(Metastasio)

L'amante impaziente II/The Impatient Lover
Text same as above.

Zitronenfalter im April/Yellow Butterfly in April
Cruel spring sun,
You waken me too soon,
For only in the delights of May
My delicate fare is abundant.
Is there no kind maiden here
Who would offer me from her rosy lips
A drop of honey?

Zitronenfalter im April/Yellow Butterfly in April (cont'd)
Thus I must perish in misery,
And May will never see me
In my yellow dress.

(Mörike)

Die Spröde/The Coy Shepherdess
On the clearest of spring mornings
the shepherdess went walking and singing,
young and fair and carefree,
so that it resounded through the fields –
so la la! le ral la!

Thyrsis offered her, just for one kiss,
two lambkins, three, on the spot.
She looked at him roguishly for a while,
but then went on singing and laughing:
so la la! le ral la!

And another offered her ribbons,
and the third his heart;
but she jested with heart and ribbons
as with the lambs:
just la la! le ral la!

(Goethe)

Die Bekehrte/The Repentant Shepherdess
In the red glow of sunset
I walked silently through the wood.
Damon sat and blew his flute
so that the rocks resounded;
so la la!

And he drew me down to him
and kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
and I said 'blow again'
and the good-hearted lad blew.
so la la!

My peace of mind is now lost,
my joy has flown away,
and I hear in my ears
only the old tone of
so la la! ralla.

(Goethe)

Moore's Irish Melodies

Avenging and Bright
fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons
of Usna betrayed!
For ev'ry fond eye
which he waken'd a tear in
A drop from his heart-wounds
shall weap o'er her blade.

By the red cloud which hung
over Conner's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions
lay sleeping in gore

By the billows of war
which so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heros
to victory's shore!
We swear to avenge them!
no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent,
the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute,
and out fields shall like wasted,
Till vengeance be wreaked
on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet
are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears
that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are out friendships,
our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant
is sweetest of all.

Sail on, sail on
Sail on, sail on, Thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.

Each smiling billow seems to say
"Tho' death beneath our surface be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes
and thee."

Sail on, sail on (cont'd)
Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no
more;
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

How sweet the answer
Echo makes To music at night;
When rous'd by lute or horn,
she wakes, And far away,
o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute,
or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,
in youth sincere,
And only then –
The sigh, that's breath's for one to hear,
Is by that one only dear,
Breath'd back again.

The Minstrel Boy
The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring the proud soul under,
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure
and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry"

At the mid hour of night

At themed hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly.
To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered e'en in the sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls.
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Rich and Rare

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
and a bright gold ring on her wand bore
but o her beauty was far beyond
her sparking gems and her snow-white wand.

"Lady dost thou not fear to stray,
so lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
as not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
no son of Erin will offer me harm;
for, thou they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went and he maiden smile
in safety lighted her round the green Isle,
and blest forever was she who relied
upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

Dear harp of my country!

Dear harp of my country in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er the long;
When proudly my own island harp! I unbound thee,
and gave all thy chords to light freedom and song!

The warm lay of love and the light tone of gladness
have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
but so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
that e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! Farewell to thy numbers,
this sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
till touch'd by some hand less unworthy then mine.

Dear harp of my country! (cont'd)
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
and all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

Oft in the stilly night
Oft in the stilly night e'er slumber's chain has bound me,
fond mem'ry brings the light of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night, e'er slumber's chaine has bound me,
sad mem'ry brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone, some banquet hall deserted,
whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night e'er slumber's chain has bound me,
sad mem'ry brings the light of other days around me.

The Last Rose of Summer
'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
all her lovely companions are faded and gone;
no flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
to reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
and from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd and fond ones are flown,
Oh! Who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

(Thomas Moore)

Program Notes

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
b. 27 January 1756 – Salzburg
d. 5 December 1791 – Vienna

Abendempfindung an Laura, K. 523
An Chloë, K. 524
Oiseaux, si tous les ans K. 307
Dans un bois solitaire K. 308

Abendempfindung an Laura and ***An Chloë***
Mozart's mature songs of 1785-1787 are more ambitious than his earlier works for voice, going beyond the typical brief song of the day, and suggesting the potential for the Lied to become a higher art form in the future. Compared to the earlier French Ariettes, these songs show more interesting piano writing; the piano exhibits much more independence from the voice than in his earlier vocal works. *Abendempfindung an Laura* is considered to be one of Mozart's finest songs. Borrowing little from the operatic tradition, the solemn, subdued mood and continuous texture of this extended piece lend weight to prophetic lyrics of the nearness of death, "a still foreboding comes to me, that I will end this life's pilgrimage, and fly to the land of rest." An Chloë, a livelier piece, does borrow from the operatic tradition and owes more to the aria, featuring a lighter and more varied texture than *Abendempfindung*.

Two French Ariettes
Oiseaux, si tous les ans K. 307
Dans un bois solitaire K. 308
Written in Mannheim during the winter of 1777-1778, both of these ariettes are dedicated to singer and renowned beauty Elisabeth Augusta Wendling, daughter of Johann Baptist Wendling and Dorothea Wendling. Her father was a highly regarded flautist and composer at the Mannheim court; her mother a singer and the daughter of two Stuttgart court musicians. Elisabeth (named for her aunt, another singer whose most famous role was Electra in Mozart's *Idomeneo*) first took the Mannheim stage at age 11.

Mozart's songs predate the prime of the German Lied in the 19th century, generally conforming more closely to the simpler style of the 18th century. Although not part of any opera, these ariettes hint at operatic techniques through the use of tempo changes, dramatic pauses and recitative sections.

Ludwig van Beethoven
b. (baptized) 17 December 1770 – Bonn
d. 26 March 1827 – Vienna

Ariettas, Opus 82
Hoffnung
Liebes-Klage
L'amante impatiente, arietta buffa
L'amante impatiente, arietta seriosa

Although his lineage of instruction tied him directly to Johann Adam Hiller- a beloved German vocal composer during the late18th century – Beethoven never felt completely comfortable writing vocal works, and many scholars consider his early works for voice

"awkward." Reluctant to paint images in his music, he avoided such musical description, feeling that pictorialism was the realm of painters and poets, not composers. Beethoven's penchant for complex development also likely set his vocal music apart from that of his contemporaries.

There is confusion as to when exactly this particular set of ariettas – the fifth movement of which is a duet for soprano and tenor - may have been written. Most likely they were written in 1801, or shortly before, at a time when Beethoven was increasingly trying new and original ideas, but also at a time when he had to come to terms with being deaf at the young age of 31.

Beethoven's songwriting evidently improved after his initial "awkward" phase. These pieces are often overlooked amongst the vast works of the composer, but are charming and interesting in their own right. Each piece in this set presents a different mood, and the piano – while playing the supporting role expected of it in vocal music at the time – augments the personality of each piece with interesting melodic figures, tremolo chords and strong rhythmic accompaniment. Nos. 3 and 4 are set to the same lyrics of Pietro Metastasio, but the moods are vastly different. The arietta seriosa, no. 4, is subdued, melancholy and as the title would suggest, serious in tone. The arietta buffa, in contrast, features a shorter setting of the lyrics with an extended coda, more repetition and drastic dynamic changes that lend humour to the piece.

Hugo Wolf
b. 13 March 1860 - Winischraz, Styria (now Slovenjgradec, Slovenia)
d. 22 February 1903 – Vienna

Die Spröde (Goethe-Lieder, #26)
Die Bekehrte (Goethe-Lieder, #27)
Zitronenfalter im April (Mörike-Lieder, #18)

In the 19th century a *Lieder-Komponist,* or composer of songs, was often considered a second-class citizen in the world of music. Franz Schubert (1797-1828) had garnered criticism for composing mainly "miniatures," and Wolf fared no better in his own time. To gain the respect of critics and the rest of the serious musical world one was expected to produce symphonies and operas, larger and arguably more complex works. Sensitive to and defensive about his choice to compose smaller works, Wolf attempted to combat this prejudice by composing collections of songs ordered in interesting and dramatic ways, suggesting to the performer that an entire recital could be drawn from the collection – and one that would be interesting to listeners.

Strongly influenced by a lied tradition defined by Schubert and Schumann, Wolf contributed to the song form by enhancing the expressive possibilities through the use of an extended tonality and a post-Wagnerian style of declamation. Wolf's responsiveness to the poetry he set to music was remarkable, and he made sure to incorporate his thorough readings of the texts into every element of his composition including the melodic lines, the harmonic subtleties, the texture of the piano parts and the relationship of the voice and piano.

In *Zitronenfalter im April*, the light texture of the piano's right hand give the impression of the butterfly, while the harmonic nuances help to tell the story of the butterfly in April waiting to die for want of nectar – either from the flowers of May or the lips of a maiden. *Die Spröde* and *Die Bekerhte* tell the tale of a beautiful shepherdess who in the first piece

is the seducer and in the second becomes seduced. The smooth chromatic and harmonic movements throughout *Die Spröde* gives us insight into the shepherdess's personality – coy, mysterious, and intriguingly complex, while the "So la la" of her song (arguably the most beautiful moments of the piece) seems flirtatious and innocent at the same time. The "So la la" in Die Bekerhte reveals a different situation, with a mood that is both haunted and sad. In this more subdued song, Goethe's shepherdess is seduced by the music of the devil and laments what her life has become.

Benjamin Britten
b. 22 Nov 1913 - Lowestoft, England
d. 4 Dec 1976 - Aldebùrgh, England

Moore's Irish Melodies
Avenging and bright
Sail on, sail on
How sweet the answer
The minstrel boy
At the mid hour of night
Rich and rare
Dear harp of my country!
Oft in the Stilly night
The Last Rose of Summer

Benjamin Britten worked all of his life feeling the ghost of Vaughan Williams over his shoulder, and in the end recreated the role of the national composer during and after the Second World War. He managed to revive the British Opera with the famous *Peter Grimes*, created institutions to ensure the future of musical drama, and worked to increase national musical literacy and awareness, especially among children. During a time when many composers were writing increasingly academic and deliberately obscure music, accessibility remained intensely important to Britten, and he developed a characteristic tonal language that still manages to endear both amateurs and academics to his work.

Volume IV of Britten's seven volumes of folksong arrangements was written in 1957 and published in May of 1960. The texts are taken from Irish poet and musician Thomas Moore's (1779-1852) *Irish Melodies*, published between 1808 and 1834 – except in one case from the slightly later *National Melodies*. The tunes for the songs are, for the most part, taken from the same source with the original music arrangements by Sir John Stevenson. In some cases Britten went back to Moore's original inspiration, Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*.

Britten's settings of these traditional Irish songs give weight and poignancy to the lyrics of Irish patriotism, celebration and grief in the face of war. Through the ancient melodies and dynamic subtleties the voice carries the storytelling role, while the piano accompaniments bring their own character to each piece, providing nuances in the mood through harmonic and rhythmic description. For example, the skirl of the pipes in *Avenging and bright* - which continues throughout the entire piece – changes harmonically to suit the mood of the lyrics in each verse. In *How sweet the answer*, the piano's rhythmic pattern and melodic interspersions provide an answering, echoing effect for the voice.

Notes by Allison Fairbairn

Jolaine Kerley received her bachelor of music degree in vocal performance in 1996, and a master of music degree in vocal performance and choral conducting in 2000 from the University of Alberta. Jolaine is currently in the final stages of her doctorate of music degree at Indiana University, with a major in vocal performance through the Early Music Institute. Jolaine's has studied voice with Dr. Alan Ord, Eva Bostrand, Paul Elliott and Mary Ann Hart.

Jolaine has performed as soprano soloist in the CBC national radio and television annual Easter Broadcast, filmed and recorded live from Edmonton's City Hall. Recent engagements include Bach's Cantata No. 140, *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,* with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Carissimi's *Jonas* and Mozart's *Mass in C minor.* Jolaine appeared with the Richard Eaton Singers in Mozart's *Requiem* with the Alberta Philharmonic Orchestra, Czerny's *Mass No. 8 in C Major* with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, J. S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the Alberta Baroque Ensemble. This past April, Jolaine was the soprano soloist in J. S. Bach's *St. John Passion* with the Scona Chamber Choir and Ivan Moody's *Passion and Resurrection* with Pro Coro Canada, and in May, she was heard with the Bloomington Chamber singers in G. F. Händel's *Messiah.* This summer she participated as soloist and chorister in the Carmel Bach Festival. Upcoming solo engagements include Haydn's *Paukenmesse* with Pro Coro Canada.

Janet Scott Hoyt is widely known as a pianist, teacher and adjudicator. Her university studies were completed at the University of Alberta. Further studies were done in Europe with Cecile Genhart and at The Banff Centre with Gyorgy Sebok and Menachem Pressler. Since 1973, she has been a member of the music faculty at The Banff Centre, and in 1995, was nominated to lead the Collaborative Pianists Faculty there. Through her long association with The Banff Arts Festival, she has performed with many artists of international reputation and with students from around the world. She was named to the piano faculty of the Department of Music at the University of Alberta in 1998.

Upcoming Events

September

29 Wednesday, 8:00 pm
Visiting Artists Recital
Salzburg Chamber Soloists
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Symphony in G Minor, No 12
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Violin Concerto in D Major, KV211
Soloist **Lena Neudauer**
Pete Illyich Tchailovsky
Souvenir de Florence, Op 70
Admission: $5/student, $20/senior, $30/adult. Co-sponsored with the Edmonton Chamber Music Society

October

3 Sunday, 2:00 pm
World Music Concert
Sanjoy Bandopadhyay
Afternoon of Sitar Magic
Admission: $15/adult, $12/student/senior and Raga-Mala members, Free admission for Raga-Mala patron members
Co-sponsored by The Canadian Centre for Ethnomusicology, the University of Alberta Shastri Committee, and the Edmonton Raga-Mala Music Society
For more information, pleas call 492-8211

3 Sunday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta Symphony Orchestra
Tanya Prochazka, Conductor
Czech Music Festival
Featuring Dvořák *Slavonic Dances, Op 46 and Op 72*
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

4 Monday, 12:00 noon
Music at Noon, **Convocation Hall**
Student Recital Series
Featuring students from the Department of Music
Free admission

7 Thursday, 8:00 pm
Music at Convocation Hall
Walter Schwede, violin
Jacques Després, piano
Featuring works by Joseph Martin Kraus
Admission: $15/student/senior, $20/adult

15 Friday, 8:00 pm
Faculty and Friends
Aaron Au, violin and viola
Elizabeth McHan, violin
Tanya Prochazka, cello
Roger Admiral, piano
Heinz Holliger *Lieder ohne Worte II*
György Kurtág *Játékok*; *Jelek*; *Ligatura, Op 31b*
Anton Webern *Three pieces, Op 11*
Variations, Op 27; Four Pieces, Op 7
Admission: $15/student/senior, $20/adult

department of Music

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